

ROSE ATHERTON.

The summer days are coming,
The blossom decks the bough,
The bees are gaily humming,
And the birds are singing now—
We have had our May-day garlands,
We have crown'd our May-day Queen,
With a coronal of roses,
Set in leaves of brightest green ;
But her reign is nearly over,
The spring is on the wane—
Oh, haste thee, gentle Summer,
To our pleasant land again.

The Summer, &c.

The minstrel of the moonlight,
The love lorn nightingale
Hath sung his month of music
To the rose queen of the vale ;
And what though he be silent,
As the night comes slowly on—
We'll have dances on the greensward,
To sweet music of our own :
Oh, the summer days are coming,
And the summer nights more dear.
Oh, haste thee, gentle summer,
For there's joy when thou art near.

The summer, &c.

We'll rise and hail thee early,
Before the sun hath dried
The dew drops that will sparkle
On the green hedge by our side ;
And when the blaze of noon day
Glare upon the thirsty flowers—
We will seek the welcome covert
Of our jessamine-shaded bowers ;
Oh, the summer days are coming,
And the summer nights more dear,
Oh, haste thee, gentle summer,
For there's joy when thou art near.

The summer, &c.

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